

KIRK ANDERSON

# THE VALLEY TAN.

BY KIRK ANDERSON.

EIGHT DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 1.

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## THE VALLEY TAN.

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**KIRK ANDERSON.**

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**Darling Nellie Grey.**  
AS SUNG BY CHARLIE CROCKER.

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,  
Where I've whiled many happy days away  
Sitting and a singing by the little cabin door,  
Where lived my Darling Nellie Grey.

Chorus—  
Oh, my poor Nellie Grey they have taken you away,  
I shall never see my darling any more,  
Farewell to the river, and I'm weeping all the day,  
Farewell to the Old Kentucky shore.

The moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining too,  
When I take my Darling Nellie Grey;  
And I paddle down the river, in my little red canoe,  
And the banjo sweetly I did play.

Chorus—Oh, my poor Nellie Grey, etc.,  
One night I went to see her but "she's gone" the neighbors say,  
The white man had bound her with his chain,  
They had taken her to Georgia to wear her life away.

As she toils in the cotton and the cane,  
Chorus—Oh, my poor Nellie Grey, etc.  
My canoe is under water, and my banjo is afloat,  
I am tired of living any more,  
My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be a wail,  
As I go from the Old Kentucky shore.

Chorus—Oh, my poor Nellie Grey, etc.  
My eyes are getting blinded, I cannot see my way,  
Hark, somebody's knocking at the door,  
Hear the angels calling and I see my Nellie Grey;  
Farewell to the Old Kentucky shore.

Chorus to the last verse.  
Oh, my poor Nellie Grey, up in heaven they do say,  
They will never take you from me any more,  
An' coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way;  
Farewell to the Old Kentucky shore.

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.  
December 7th, 1858.

KIRK ANDERSON, Esq.,  
Editor "Valley Tan."

On the 13th of November, I left this city in company with Dr. Forney, Indian Superintendent, on a visit to the Indian tribes of the "Utes" and "Pah-vants." Some time previous to our leaving, rumors were rife that these tribes in connection with others, had assembled in large numbers near the Sevier Lake, for the purpose of attacking the whites, and to commit other depredations as might best suit their savage propensities. After passing the settlements north of Spanish Fork, we arrived at the Indian Farm on the 16th. At this place formerly resided "Peteet-neet," "Tintic," and other prominent chiefs of the "Utah" tribe with their bands, but not a solitary Indian was to be found, and all signs of their former abitations had disappeared. All the information to be gained was, that they had gone to join other bands to the Southward, leaving this place. We next directed our journey to Manti, situated in the Valley of San Pete, and near the residence of the somewhat famous Chief, "Arapeen," a connexion of the late war Chief "Walker." This Chief caused the small settlements around, many miles, much annoyance and trouble, but he is much respected, as

well as much feared by the citizens. On our arrival at this place, "Arapeen" was found absent with his band likewise to the Southward; during his absence a band of warriors had plundered his house and that of others of his tribe drove the Government Cattle from the Indian farm, and carried away large quantities of wheat, and by threats had intimidated the people. On the day after our arrival a warrior arrived informing us that "Arapeen" was encamped in the vicinity. Dr. Forney on the following day went to the Indian encampment and held an interview with him and his warriors. He informed us that he had been on his annual trading expedition to a distant tribe, that on his return he had met a band of "Utes" with "Peteet-neet," "Tintic" and others, and from them learned the particulars of the Spanish Fork difficulty. He spoke of the death of Pin Tuts as a warrior much respected and beloved, he represented him as the fast friend and protector of the white man, and called for his crime, that death had been awarded him—he pointed to the direction of the Military squads encamped near his hunting grounds, and to the picket guards upon the surrounding mountains, and asked for what was this? Doctor Forney represented to him the late Indian outrages, of women outraged in the open day, and in sight of their own dwellings; unoffending and honest citizens journeying to their homes, attacked and brutally murdered—the property of citizens indiscriminately stolen and slaughtered, and demanded from him immediate restitution of such effects as he might then have in his possession and to forthwith return to their former homes, he pictured to him the penalty of disobedience, and extracted from this War-like Chieftain implicit compliance and obedience. "Arapeen" most solemnly promised future peace for himself and for his tribe, and that his influence should be exerted to promote the same end with other chiefs of his nation. He requested the criminals now in custody awaiting trial, might be hanged as an example in future to other Indians.

Leaving for a season this Chief, we pursued our way towards the Corn Creek farm some 15 miles below Fillmore, at which point we arrived on the 21st, here we met with "Kanosh," chief of the "Pah-vants"—him, we found with his band industriously at work improving his farm and making arrangement for his winter work. He had heard of the movements of other tribes, but had not as yet acquiesced in their intentions. After holding council with him and his warriors, in which they all promised continued peace, we left for our return to meet other tribes still unseen, which had been sent for. On our return to Manti Farm, "Arapeen" informed us that he had sent to the Brava Mountains for the band in that vicinity, and the messengers informed us that the extreme inclemency of the weather, and hunger had caused much sickness among the Indians, that two of their principal chiefs were sick, but that in 15 days time they would be in, they were all for peace now, and wished to see the Superintendent, and hold a council. Everything now being in a fair way of establishing a permanent peace, we left for home and thus by the timely interference and decided manner in which the Superintendent interposed his authority, an Indian War was stopped in the bud. The Indians in their wanderings have suffered much; "Peteet-neet" and "Tintic" lay in the mountains sick, and most of their family. "Arapeen" lost his finest horse, and favorite wife together with a large quantity of blankets—

and the tribe mourn the loss of a celebrated warrior. These may seem to the white man but trifles, but to an Indian they are irreparable. It is confidently expected that at the expected council by the middle of this month, all the vexed Indian questions will be permanently settled and adjusted, and a prolonged peace ensue.

On our journey I observed through all the towns we passed newly plowed lands, and in many instances the seed in and the broad fields harrowed, new houses in course of erection, and building materials on the spot ready for immediate use. The grain crop in this section of the territory has been very abundant. In the two towns of Fort Ephraim and Manti, containing a population of only twelve hundred souls, 140,000 bushels of wheat were harvested, besides a corresponding crop of vegetables and grain. At the town of Nephi one farmer raised from twenty-two acres 819 bushels of grain, which facts alone show the fertility of the soil.

We passed through the beautiful valley of San Pete, abounding in rich farming lands and lumber of the largest growth is convenient to the mountain streams. Coal of the finest quality, Cannel and West Hardly, lie unquarried in the neighboring hills. Mountains of iron ore lay waiting for future use. Salt mines and alum beds show themselves to the passer by and the swelling valley of lovely San Pete for 60 miles lies ready for the enterprise of man.

The roads from this city to Fillmore in many places are almost impassable, and it is to be hoped that the Legislature now about to convene, will take some steps to remedy the defects. Good stone can be found very convenient to the road side, and the benefits resulting to a good thoroughfare must be evident to all.

At some other time I will again revert to this tour, and endeavor to demonstrate the practicability of a good road direct from this city to the coal mines, by the introduction of which to this place the severities of winter are much lightened, and much hard labor and exposure saved.

### INDEX.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES.—  
"Mother, I wish Mr. C— would preach here all the time. I don't like to have Mr. P— come."

"Not like Mr. P—, my son? I thought everybody liked him; he is an excellent man. Why do you dislike him?"

"Why, mother, when he preached here last, he stayed here all the time from Sunday to Monday, and I was just as still as I could be, and he did not speak to me or look at me once, and Mr. C— always puts his hand on my head when he comes, and he says: 'How does Charley do to-day?' just as though he loves me."

I have a choice rose bush in my garden, presented by a dear friend. This year it had but few buds, and my little ones could only have one rose each. "I will save mine," said little Carrie, "and carry it to my teacher. Do you think she ever saw such a beautiful tea-rose?"

Day after day she watched her little bud, till it was half opened, and then it was plucked in the morning early, and fresh and dewy, and placed in water ready for school time.

When she returned from school a cloud rested upon her usually sunny face; and upon inquiring its cause, she cried as though her little heart would break. "You know my beautiful rose. Well, I suppose the teacher didn't want it. She had a whole vase full of flowers, but none of them half so sweet as

that; and when I carried it to her, she just laid it upon her desk, and didn't look at it once, and said: 'Take your seat Carrie.'"

How easy to have said, "Thank you Carrie," and smiled upon the child, and filled her little heart with grateful love instead of grief.

The following beautiful extract is from the speech of Hon. Edward Everett, at the National Horse Exhibition at Springfield, Mass:

However this may be, sir, if there is any one who doubts that the horse—the animal that most concerns us on this occasion—is susceptible of the kindest feelings of our nature, I think he would be convinced of his error by a most interesting anecdote of Edmund Burke. In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living in retirement on his farm at Beaconsfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad; and the fact that was stated in support of the rumor was that he went round his park kissing his cows and horses. A friend, a man of rank and influence, hearing this story, and deeming it of too much importance to be left uncorrected, hastened down to Beaconsfield and sought an interview, with the view of ascertaining the truth of the rumor. He entered into conversation with him. Mr. Burke read to him some chapters from his *Letter on a Regicide Peace*. His friend immediately saw that, though the earthly tenement was verging back to its native dust, the lamp of reason and genius shown with undiminished lustre within. He was accordingly more than satisfied as to the object of his coming down, and, in private interview with Mrs. Burke, told her what he had come for, and received from her this pathetic explanation:

Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had not long before died, leaving behind him a favorite old horse, the companion of his excursions of business and pleasure, when both were young and vigorous. This favorite animal was turned out by Mr. Burke, the father, into the park with directions to all his servants that he should in every respect be treated as a privileged favorite. Mr. Burke, himself, of course, in his morning walks, would often stop to caress the favorite animal. On one occasion, as he was taking his morning walk through the park, he perceived the poor old animal at a distance, and noticed in turn that he was recognized by him. The horse drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with a most pleading look of recognition, which said, as plainly as words could have said: "I have lost him too;" and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head upon Mr. Burke's bosom! Struck by the singularity of the occurrence, moved by the recollection of his son, whom he had never ceased to mourn with a grief that would not be comforted, overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal, expressed in the mute eloquence of holy nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and, clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up that voice which had filled the arches of Westminster Hall with the noblest strains that ever echoed within them and wept aloud!

This was seen and heard by the passers-by, and the enemies of Burke, unappeased by his advancing years, by his failing health, by his domestic sorrows, made it the ground of a charge of insanity. "Burke had gone mad," but, sir, so help me Heaven, if I were called up-

on to designate the event or the period in Burke's life that would best sustain a charge of insanity, it would not be when in a gush of the holiest and purest feeling that ever stirred the human heart, he wept aloud on the neck of his dead son's favorite horse; but it would rather be when, at the meridian of his fame, when the orb of his imperial genius rode highest in the heavens, amid the scoffs of cringing courtiers, and the sneers of trading patriots, he abased his glorious powers to the scramblings and squabbles of the day, and—

"Born for the universe, narrowed his mind And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

### The Orphan Emigrant.

While passing recently by steamer to Owen Sound, in Canada, I noticed a little boy standing alone. I knew he was English by his fustian clothes and little blue cap, and going to him, asked where he was going. "Don't know sir," he replied. "Why," I said, "don't you know where you are going?" "I am going to Owen Sound, but I don't know where that is." "And where are you from?" "Wandsworth in Surrey, Sir," he answered. "Are you alone?" "Yes, sir; another boy and I were sent out by the Emigrant Aid Society to get a place, in Canada. He left me a week ago, and I have got a place to learn printing. 'Have you no mother, no home?' I asked, touched to see so young a child in a strange land alone. 'My father's dead, sir,' he answered, 'and my mother's married again.' 'Were you ever at school?' I asked, for he was so polite I knew he had not been brought up on the street with bad boys. 'Yes, sir; I was five years in the orphan asylum, and went to school there.'

I cheered up the little fellow, for I really pitied his friendlessness and wanted to comfort him if I could. Have you a bible?" I asked at last. "Oh yes, sir," he said; "a kind lady gave me one, and I have it now." I spoke to him about reading it, and advised him to make it his daily companion, and never to do what it forbade. He seemed to feel this was needful, and said he would. "You must write to your mother," I at last said; "she must be anxious to hear from you." "Yes, sir; I've a letter in my trunk waiting till I get on shore," he said; and then he showed me a letter to the printer to whom he was going, which he had kept in the folds of his cap lining.

My friend and I, struck by the boy's loneliness and destitution, and admiring his honest independence, which preferred laboring alone in a foreign land, even in his childhood, than to be a burden to his mother, gave him a small sum each and a hearty blessing. Just then the boat stopped, and I left him guarding his box and looking for his employer, who was to meet him. Next morning I inquired for him, and found Mr. D—, had come for him and taken him home, where I trust he will be well treated, and grow up to be useful in the service of the orphan's heavenly Protector and friend.

A man in Charleston kissed a woman of ill-fame against her own will, and she punched out his eye with a fork. He squeezed a leman and got a punch.—*Louisville Journal.*

A Yankee has invented a plague which kills off all who do not pay the printer. It has played sad havoc in New England, and is extending rapidly west of the mountains. Some in Ohio and Illinois already begin to "smell a mice," Indians is in danger.







uvoo Legion.

nesses, and the case was adjourned over until Monday. Among the witnesses enumerated was Judge G. P. Stiles, who is now in Washington City, or somewhere else in the "States," and who of course could not be brought here, or his deposition taken for several months.

While we would not intentionally do any one an injury, we can only say that "Procrustation" is not only "the thief of time," but covers more rascalities than ever the garment of charity covered.

That much abused and useful institution of society a Schoolmaster, might find a "fine opening" this side of the Wasatch range, if he would only put on his kit and tramp towards this region.

We have received a legal document of which the following is a copy:

Territory of Utah  
County Camp Floyd Dec 24th 1858

Personally appeared before Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Stating under oath that some unknown person took without his knowledge the following articles 1 pair of red macanaw blanks new 3 points also 1 pair of white do, 1 pair of blue 1 very large macanaw white moth eaten in several places to which the said Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Swears out a Serchwarent for this purpos

Justis Peas

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T. }  
December, 10th, 1858. }

KIRK ANDERSON, Esq., }  
Editor "Valley Tan." }

In the Deseret News of December 8th, I notice the following paragraph:

"We find in the Reporter's Court Minutes that a subpoena served upon Gov. Young by Marshal Dotson, is termed an 'alias' subpoena, but to what official document is 'second' appears to be very uncertain for so far as we can learn neither Gov. Young nor any person about his office or premises is ignorant of either the service or attempted service of any subpoena to which the one served could properly be termed alias or second."

In reply to this, I will merely state that I called at His Excellency's house at 4 o'clock, p. m., and was requested to send the fute and frenzied name to the Governor, before I could be admitted. I done so, the serf "damned spot" of blood that the gate (as that was as far as I could get) returned and informed me that his majesty would grant me an audience one hour. I returned agreeable to the appointment and was met by eight or nine individuals.

My first question was, "can I see Brigham Young, Sr.?" My answer was, "what is the nature of your business?" I replied, "I am not disposed to communicate that to you." I then asked the individual if his Excellency was in? He told me he was. I then inquired for Mr. Ferguson, who was immediately called for and made his appearance at the door. I served a summons on him and inquired of him if I could see Brigham Young, Sr.; my answer was, "before, what is the nature of your business." I replied, I am U. S. Deputy Marshal and have papers to serve on Brigham Young, Sr., and demand admission.

Mr. Ferguson politely told me I could see His Excellency, at the same time offered to serve my papers on him myself. I declined at the same time stating to him that I would consult the proper authorities about the legality of a transaction and return immediately. I done so and left my papers with something that represented Brigham Young at the gate.

I am not desirous of entering into any newspaper controversy with the miserable monopoly of an editor that controls the Deseret News, I therefore submit a statement of facts in justice to myself and friends.

Yours respectfully,  
FRANK D. GILBERT.  
Dep. U. S. Marshal of U. T.

United States Court.

THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT, }  
Monday, December 6th. }

Court met pursuant to adjournment, Clerk read the records of the proceedings of Friday.

The complaint against James Ferguson, on a motion to disbar, was also read and amended.

Mr. Ferguson asked the specifications to be sworn to.

Gen. Burr, then came forward and read the specifications were to the best of his knowledge, and Mr. Ferguson, offered a motion to disbar, which was over-ruled by the Court.

Mr. Ferguson, addressed the Court

briefly denying the charges in reference to Gen. Burr's family.

Gen. Burr, stated that he did not hear the charges himself, but persisted in being able to prove that they had been made by the Attorney.

Mr. Ferguson, then stated that he could not safely proceed with the examination in the absence of certain witnesses; to which statement he was required to make oath.

Court then adjourned to meet again on Monday next.

#### Theatrical Notice.

CAMP FLOYD, U. T., Dec. 2, 1858.

"Hold the mirror up to nature, And show ugliness her own deformity."

We attended the theatre last evening, (Wednesday,) and were agreeably surprised at the great improvement in the drop scene, which, we have no doubt, when finished, will present a highly creditable appearance; also, in the course of the evening we noticed several new scenes; this shows that the management are anxious to deserve the patronage which has hitherto been so liberally bestowed. May we be allowed to suggest that the representation of the tragic muse (who appears to have a most abominable squint,) might be touched up a little by the scenic artist with advantage to the general effect. However, Rome was not built in a day.

Previous to the rising of the curtain the band played a selection of music in very good style, after which we were presented with the comedy of the Serious Family, with the following cast, for the principal characters:

Aminadab Sleek, Mr. Baldwin, 7th infantry, who performed his part respectably.—Charles Torrens, Mr. Thatcher, 10th infantry; this character was very well sustained, occasionally his utterance was rather too quick, which made it difficult to catch some of his sentences, but on the whole he is the best light comedian we have seen on these boards, and with careful study he will prove a great acquisition to the theatre. Capt. Murphy Maguire, Mr. Willis, 5th infantry, this gentleman whose forte is evidently low comedy, has an entire misconception of the character he attempted to portray. Capt. Murphy Maguire is supposed from his collegiate education, and rank as an officer, to be a gentleman; who generally are neither in the habit of using slang phrases, such as "coo," and "blay-guard," nor attempting to speak the brogue and practising buffoonry in the presence of the fair sex—which to use the mildest term is in bad taste. An educated Irishman is universally allowed to speak the English language in the most correct manner—and an Irish friend of ours is at a loss to know the meaning of the word "Gar-deen," which we have been unable to find in any dictionary to which we have access. Again the transposition of words which entirely alters the meaning of the text, and makes it sound ridiculous ought not to occur with a gentleman who attempts the highest order of comedy.

Frank Vincent, Mr. Lee, the little he had to do was good. Mrs. Delmaine, Mrs. Tuckett, this lady as the charming widow seemed a personification of the character, her musical voice and piquant style was the life of the piece. Lady Sowerby Creamly, Mrs. Longee, in spite of her petit figure, sustained her part better than any other in which we have yet seen her. Mrs. Torrens, Miss Whitlock was very indifferently performed, she does not modulate her voice, and seems at a loss what to do with her arms. Emma, Mrs. Whitlock, was sprightly and acted her part to perfection.

The ball room scene, one of the best in the play, was spoiled by the introduction of the footman to dance, (which is not usual on those occasions,) with an unmistakable pair of calves. Mr. Doyle, although dressed for the dance refused, at the last moment, to appear, which rendered the substitution of the footman with the high lows and white stockings unavoidable. These mishaps ought not to occur.

The performance concluded with the farce of "Raising the Wind." Plainway, Mr. Rutledge, 5th infantry, as usual was well up in his part and acted admirably.

Jeremy Diddler, Mr. Northrop, who generally performs anything allotted to him well, did not seem quite at home in his character. In consequence of his indisposition Mr. Westwood was obliged to finish the part. We should like to see Mr. Thatcher as Jeremy Diddler.

Fainwood, Mr. Warren, if this gentleman will take the trouble to read the letter of introduction given to him by his worthy old father, he will find himself described as a modest, unassuming young man. He was too boisterous.

Sam, Mr. Crawford, Lt. Battalion, whose acting was excellent, the dialect, a cross be-

tween a negro minstrel and Somersetshire—"York, you're wanted."

Peggy, Mrs. Whitlock, played her part well, and looked pretty enough to have fascinated a less fastidious person than Jeremy Diddler.

Miss Durable, Mrs. Westwood, was not quite to our taste.

Some of the performers are well up in their parts, but cannot make effective points and by-play, in consequence of the others not being able to give them the right cue.

This might be overlooked at the commencement of the theatricals, but now the case is different; the pieces should be properly rehearsed before they are brought before the public. The prompter is continually heard, which reminds us of an anecdote of the celebrated Curran, who, after attending the theatre, was asked how he liked the performers. He replied he liked the prompter best for he heard him the most and saw him the least.

Let those wear it whom the cap fits.

At the conclusion of the performance Mrs. Tuckett was loudly called for, and was led before the curtain by Mr. Willis. The house was crowded.

DRAMA.

#### America in Hysterics.

Punch, at the request of numerous American friends, devotes a portion of his space to the immortalizing of a few of the addresses transmitted from the various States to New York in honor of the Atlantic Cable.

From the Governor of Massachusetts.

I salute ye. The deed is done. A new heart string, forgotten at creation, has been inserted into the world, and henceforth its pulses will keep time to the flapping of the wings of our almighty and inextinguishable eagle. May the blood of freedom course along that giant vein with the rush of Niagara, and sweep away before its mightiness the moulding ceremonies of antiquated hal-lucination.

From the Governor of Connecticut.

The golden harp of civilization and progress needed one chord of iron to sustain her sterner harmonies, and it has been added by Cyrus W. Field. May it sound in glory and vigor until the end of time and five-and-twenty minutes later.

From the Governor of Missouri.

When the heart would speak in presence of a miracle, the words are feeble; but our souls rush out in song; and we sing to you, mothers, in the strain of our native and inimitable land:

London it is very big,  
America is bigger;  
Do not let us care a fig  
Which cuts the better figure;  
Send the current to and fro,  
The bottle round the table,  
Nothing in creation, no,  
Lick the Atlantic Cable.

From the Governor of Alabama.

Hail Columbia happy land. Now fast linked to England's sand, Let us join with heart and hand. Ocean is repealed, To her coral rocks and shelves, Lo the cable dives and delves. Let us drink our noble selves. Likewise Cyrus Field.

From the Governor of Ohio.

If England has given us no more toward our great American sea triumph, she has given us a thought in the name of her little vessel which waited upon our giant fleet. The Agamemnon's name is a corruption of Memnon, the ancient Hebrew warrior, whose statue, on the plains of Thessaly, sounded out one note when the morning sun shone upon it. So now when the sun of enlightenment dawns from America upon occidental darkness, the electric ray flashes from us to the Hibernian shore, may the inexpressive slaves of feudalism for the first time raise the music note of liberty.

From the Governor of Nebraska.

We salute you. Give old England rope enough and she will hang herself, but not in despair. No, the aged and effete island ties herself to the apron strings of vigorous Young America, and looks to her for support and succor. Shall England look in vain, my brothers?

From the Governor of New Hampshire.

Yankee Doodle used to ride  
On a little pony,  
Now he talks to 'other side  
In twenty minutes only.

From the Governor of Delaware.

The b'hoys must have their amusements, and so we've tied England to a long string, and we'll fly her like an almighty great kite. When we're tired of the sport, and want to quit it, we

calculate we'll just wind her in, and hang her up on one of the monster trees of our unfathomable forests.—Guess we've utilized the tarnation old caution at last, yes sir-ee.

From the Governor of Pennsylvania.

Friend Field, thee have, according to worthy evidence, done a part of thy task and it is well. When thee hast fastened both ends of thy string, and the fixings, and hast greatly and finally reduced the price of the messages, we may see cause for further communication with thee. Meantime, friend, we wish thee success, but decline to burn money in fireworks, melt it in strong liquors, or waste it in wasting time upon idle demonstrations—A-men!

This is all the room Mr. Punch can this week spare to these remarkable productions and he will only add, that it does not appear to him wonderful, that under such terrific pressure and strain of compliment, the unfortunate cable, being of English make and unused to hyperbole, gave way and sent down shares from \$915 to \$250.

The Americans of Victoria asked permission to rear a pole, to which they would put the Star Spangled Banner. The request was instantly denied. "Well," said the crowd, "let's raise a pole and stick the flag of all nations to it." And so they did what they said they would do, and a "petticoat waved from the liberty pole."

BEAUTIFUL.—That is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then, loading it with kisses and tresses, loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over a single grave.

M Von Humbolt, has celebrated his ninetieth birthday. An English correspondent, writing from Berlin, says that "never did a conqueror receive congratulations from so many persons and such great distances as the post-boy had to carry on Tuesday morning to the well known house in the Oransienburgerstrasse. Those who had been fortunate enough to enjoy a peep at the fifth volume of Kosmos, which is still under his hands, assert that neither in style nor contents does it in the least yield to the four volumes which preceded it. Humbolt is himself said to be of opinion that he will die next spring, just after having completed the last of the tasks he has undertaken; but his friends who observe him speak differently, and are bold enough to predict that this time he will prove to be altogether in error, and that a very different celebration from that which he anticipates will next year take place in his house.

I'LL VOTE FOR THE OTHER MAN.

The following story is told of a revolutionary soldier who was running for Congress: It appears he was opposed by a much younger man, who had never "been to the wars," and it was the wont of "Revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he endured. Says he:

"Fellow-citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I helped to whip the British and Indians. I have slept upon the field of battle with no other covering but the canopy of heaven. I have walked over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood."

Just about this time, one of the "sovereigns" who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say that you had fought the British and the Injines?"

"Yes," responded Revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did you say you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground, till every footstep was marked with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied the speaker.

"Well, then," says the tearful "sovereign," as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be d—d if I don't think you've done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man!"

A New Zealand chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner.

LOGICAL.—A writer in the Westminster Review once took the position that alcohol is food, and offered the following logic in proof of it:

"Food is force,  
Alcohol is force,  
Therefore, alcohol is food."

Dr. Mussey gives a formula equally legitimate and exclusive, namely:

"Horse-feed is force,  
Whipping a horse is force.  
Therefore, whipping a horse is horse-feed."

To which capital logic our John adds his:

"My ma is a woman,  
Queen Victoria is a woman,  
Therefore, Queen Victoria is my ma."

Our Jeems thus expresses his sentiments:

"The fools are not all dead,  
The writer of the above is not dead,  
Therefore, said writer is a fool."

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish, and universally unpopular man, put the usual question:

"Are you willing to go my friend?"  
"Oh, yes," said the dying man, "I am."  
"Well," said the simple minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing!"

#### MILLER, RUSSELL & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GROCERIES, HATS AND CAPS.

WINE, LIQUORS, CIGARS, &c.

THEIR stock consists in part of the following articles, viz:

Tea,	Coffee,	Chewing Tobacco,
Sugar,	Spice,	Smoking Tobacco,
Powder,	Shot,	Playing Cards,
Pepper,	Mace,	Cinnamon,
Nutmegs,	Caps,	&c., &c.
Pale Cognac Brandy,	Monongahela Whisky,	
Dark do	Bourbon do	
New York do	Rectified do	
Gin,	Port Wine,	

#### FANCY GROCERIES.

French Mustard,	Mixed Pickles,
Durham do	Assorted do
Assorted Jams,	do Gherkins,
do Jellies,	Piccolilli,
do Syrups,	Pickled Onions,
do Cordials,	Tomato Catsup,
Brandy Peaches,	Walnut Catsup,
do Cherries,	Mushroom Catsup,
do Pears,	Cayenne Pepper,
Assorted West India	Celery Seed,
Preserves,	Spanish Olives,
Rhubarb Pie Fruit,	Pepper Sauce,
Peach do	Assorted Sauce,
Apple do	do Nat. Preserves,
Plum do	Capers Capotes,
Raspberry do	Natural Pres'd Pines,
Gooseberry do	Roast Turkey,
Blackberry Brandy,	Roast Chicken,
Raspberry Brandy,	String Beans,
Fresh Lobster,	Green Peas,
Pickled do	do Corn,
Fresh Clams,	Assorted Herbs,
Mince Meat,	do Sweetmeats,
Sausage Meat,	Natural Preserved
Fresh Cauliflower,	Peaches,
Pickled do	Nat'l Preserved Straw-
Worcestershire Sauce,	berries,
Stoughton Bitters,	Natural Preserved
Fresh Salmon,	Damsons,
Fresh Tomatoes,	Mushrooms,
French Pickles,	Asparagus,
Hostetter's Bitters,	Tarragon Vinegar,
Bokers' do	Fields' Oysters,
Le Drard's do	Cove do
Royal Windsor do	Pine Apple Cheese,
Maraschino,	Olive Oil,
Curacao,	Assorted Candies,
Absynth,	Raisins,
Scotch Ale,	Almonds,
London Porter,	English Walnuts,
Scheidam Schnapps,	Brazil Nuts,
Golden Grape Cognac,	Figs,
Old Virginia Peach Dates,	Prunes,
Brandy,	Mountain Dew Whis-
ky,	Pecans,
Family Supplies,	Crackers,
Morning Call,	Cracknels,
Indian Queen Maderia,	E. D. Cheese,

also a large and well selected stock of  
Clothing, Hats and Caps,  
Gents Boots & Shoes, Hardware,  
Ladies Shoes, Notions,  
Woolen Gloves, Hosiery,  
do Mitts, Buck Gloves,  
do Scarfs, do Mitts,  
Stationery, &c., do Gauntlets,  
All of which they offer upon the lowest terms for cash or country produce.  
G. S. L. City, Dec. 1st, 1858. 6tf

#### DEPUTY QUARTERMASTER

GENERAL'S OFFICE.

CAMP FLOYD, U. T., Dec. 8th, 1858.

SEALED PROPOSALS are invited

at this office until the 2nd day of January, 1859, for supplying the United States, at this place, and at Fort Bridger, with One Hundred and Fifty Thousand bushels of good wheat, barley or oats; in part, or the whole of either; to weigh 60, 35 and 48 pounds per bushel each, respectively; and to be delivered in August, September, and October next, in such quantities, in three months, as may be designated by the Deputy Quartermaster.

Payments will be made on completion of contracts, for which bonds and security will be required.

Bidders will please state the price, per bushel, and endorse their bids "Proposals for Forage," and direct them to the undersigned at this place.

G. H. CROSMAN,  
Deputy Quartermaster General.

#### STRAYED OR STOLEN.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

A Sorrel Horse, sixteen and a half hands high—Star in the forehead, zip on the nose, and H. on the left shoulder.

The above reward will be paid if returned to  
JAMES K. DOTSON,



## HUMOROUS.

"Some people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four bystanders, "waste their money in chairity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families—but, as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

"Johnny," said a mother to a son, nine years of age, "go and wash your face; I am ashamed to see you come to dinner with so dirty a mouth." "I did wash it, mamma," and feeling his upper lip, he added, gravely, "I think it must be a mustache coming!"

COULDN'T PRONOUNCE THE 'R.'—Says a student to his chum: "There is a d—l of a wit in Custom Hall." "A what?" asked his chum. "A whumpas." "What's a whumpas?" "Why, a wangle, to be sure." "What's a wangle?" "Why, a wow, to be sure, among the students."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but to judge by your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called the inn-sects."

They tell a story about a man out West, who had a hair-lip, upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh—it adhered, and filled up the space admirably. This was well enough, until in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise a mustache, when one side grew hair, and the other feathers.

It is objected that the possessive 'her's' is an error in the formation of the English language. Why not form the objective masculine in the same way, and call it 'him's'? Samuel's hymn book is certainly a book of Sam's.

MARRIED.—Mr. John Cake to Miss Martha Head:

Of marriage it is truly said,  
It doth strange changes make;  
For lo! what was a Middy Head,  
Is now a Patty Cake!

A friend just from the famous Arostook Valley, in Northern Maine, tells that as a man was walking along in a thoughtful mood, a cucumber-vine gave chase to him, ran up his leg and into his pocket. The man in great terror, thrusting his hand into his pocket to eject the impudent intruder, drew forth a ripe cucumber.

What is the difference between a ship and a hen? The hen lays one egg and the ship lays to.

There is a man in this city whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. Per consequence, he has not paid for the last pair of boots.

Bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a celebration:  
"The Ladies—sweet briars in the garden of life."

An acquaintance of ours says that since he dismissed his handsome doctor and employed a plain one, his wife and daughters haven't got sick half so often as they did before.

A NOBLE WIFE.—Mr. Walsh, in his Paris letter of August 23, to the New York Journal of Commerce, writes as follows:

In 1819, a benevolent gentleman, M. de Montyon, bequeathed an annual sum of ten thousand francs, as a premium at the disposal of the Academy, for the poor French individual who had in the year performed the act most virtuous or morally creditable. It was adjudged last week to a peasant, M<sup>me</sup> Durand, of the Department of Vaucluse, for the exemplary conduct: Her husband was accused of capital crime, and arraigned at the Assizes; he was acquitted with difficulty, and by a small majority of the jury. The wife sustained him devotedly throughout the trial, and insisted on his innocence; she resolved to find the real culprit or culprits; she persevered in the search for seven years; she discovered them and had them brought to justice.—Their conviction fulfilled her purpose, which was to re-establish the character of her husband—the true amendment for an honest man. The good woman will be passing rich with ten thousand francs.

Mail failures are now in vogue.

## A Female Foot-race in Iowa.

An Iowa City correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from that point during the State Fair, gives the following account of a female foot-race:

Among the local items, it is proper to include mention of a novel phase of woman's-rightsdom, which so far as I know, is an original feature of the platform. I refer to a female foot-race, which took place a week or two since upon the horse track of the new fair grounds. The attendant circumstances are these: A medical peripatetic, of the large poster and small handbill stripe, has given lectures here on popular physiology, &c., with great acceptance to both ladies and gentlemen—sometimes to both sexes, and anon to each separately (on the Dr. Wieting principle.) Among other themes introduced occurred that of Calisthenics—the discussion of which resulted in the formation of a class for the practical development of that science or art, whichever it may be. Gentlemen and boys forsook their counters and desks for the lecture-room and the "ring." Ladies, strongly hooped but loosely clad, swarmed to the Athenaeum to practice the "manly art" of shoulder-hitting chest-expanding. By degrees the plot thickened, until a foot-race was proposed, "for gentlemen only." The ladies liberally provided a silver cup as a prize to the "fastest young man," and the race duly came off to general satisfaction.

The following week a foot-race for ladies was announced, the other sex furnished the cake-basket which was to stimulate the females to proceed to extremities. The list of "ambling nymphs," who took part in this lady-like performance, was quite respectable in number and position; and bloomers, stocking-feet, and, shall I say it, snow-white under-garments were in full supply enough to meet the demands of the most exacting spectator. Ladies, hitherto most noted for modesty and delicacy, made assurance doubly sure as they trotted themselves out for the inspection of a crowd of men and boys, eager for "something to turn up." Bets were freely offered on the various favorites, and no horse-trot was ever more regularly ordered than the hen-trot to which I refer. The result, however, was unsatisfactory, for the best runner—as proved by frequent success and "timings"—unfortunately fell down, sprawling, in the last decisive contest, and her rival, a pretty as well as fast young lady, bore away the prize which had already seemed the property of another. Matters were compromised by making up a purse of twenty dollars or thereabouts, for the racer whose good points an accident had prevented her from displaying to her own advantage, and a duplicate prize is to be given her by an appreciating crowd of spectators. I may add that the whole thing is embraced under the advertised appellation of "gymnastics," which, if I remember my "little Greek" aright, means exercise taken naked. As this is not quite true of the style of dress adopted by the class, it would seem to be a misnomer.

A CONSCIENTIOUS HORSE THIEF.—Sut Lovengood, the witty Tennessee writer, is responsible for the following good one:

Jim H— tells a good yarn about one of our "shell bark lawyers." His client was up on two small charges, frivolous charges, as shell-bark designated them, (forging a note of hand and stealing a horse.) On running his eye over the jury he didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence of the principal witness, in Alabama. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner, who shaking his head said:

"Squire, I can't swar to that ar dock-yment."

"Why," asked old shell bark.

"Kase it haint true!" answered the prisoner.

Old Shell inflated and exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the entire room.

"What forge a note and steal a hoss and can't swar to a lie! D—n such a squermish stummick es that! I'm done with all such infernal fols!"

And he left the conscientious one to his fate.

Drink deep or touch not the bottle for a little liquor is apt to throttle.

## Grains of Gold.

SIMPLICITY IN WOMAN.—It is with books as with woman, where a certain plainness of manner and dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—He is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

A FINE IMAGE OF VIRTUE.—Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

THE REPENTANCE OF ILL NATURE.—There is one moment in which all nature sincerely repents—the moment when it sees pity for its victim.

—So much of our time is preparation, so much is routine, and so much retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius contracts itself to a very few hours.

—A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

—Usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveler just returned from abroad.

—Old friends are the best. King James used to call for his old shoes—they were easiest to his feet.

—The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.

—He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.

—If some men died, and others did not, death would indeed be a mortifying evil.

—If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

—People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

—The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

—An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.

—No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

—Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox.

—Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold.

—Curses like chickens come home to roost.

—All is not gold that glitters, as the snow upon the mountain tops glitters as much as diamonds.

## Thrilling Instance of Faith.

A clergyman in this city read a letter at one of the Samson-street noonday prayer-meetings this week from a young man of his acquaintance who was on board the ill-fated *Austria*, in which he detailed the last interview between himself and five Christian comrades, who perished beneath the waves. As soon as the destruction of the vessel was found inevitable, these six young men took a position between the flames and the water, with the understanding that at the last moment they would unitedly consign themselves to the latter. In the bare moment thus allowed to contemplate their fate, their hope in Christ was confidently expressed, and when to escape the spreading fire their leap became necessary, they fondly grasped each other's hand, and with a parting "farewell," and an expressed confidence that in "a few moments they would meet in Heaven," they sprang into the sea. The writer of the letter states that, after sustaining himself in the water by means of a life preserver for four hours, (during which time his contemplations of a future state ripened into a joy in believing in his Savior such as he had never before experienced,) a vessel hove in sight for his release, so that just at the moment when his exhausted energies brought the open door of Heaven more temptingly to view, he was made the subject of an earthly rescue. The reading of the letter referred to elicited an outburst of feeling all over the room.—*Philadelphia Press.*

## SAD PICTURE OF THE CONDITION OF THE INDIANS IN AMADOR COUNTY.

—A correspondent of the Jackson Sentinel draws the following sad picture of the condition of the Indians in Amador county:

It rains, and through my window I look upon the squalid wretchedness and almost perfect destitution of the "Poor Indian." I know not what, if any provision has been made to render tolerable his present state. He lingers about the graves of his ancestors, but the game is gone from his hunting ground, and no helping hand seems to be extended for his relief. The steady tread of the white man is upon him, the trees from which he once gathered acorns for food have fallen, and the green pastures once spotted with game are not his now. Driven by destitution he seeks refuge in crime, and in sullen silence stands to witness the strange formality by which he is doomed to death. Necessity makes him barter the virtue of his companion as a commodity in the market, and the bitter contemplation burns in his bosom the stern reality of his fate.—He shows himself unsparing because he has been unspared. Indian Agents and Reservations are to him matters of melancholy interest; the rays of hope that once started at the mention of these terms, and penetrated his benighted soul with genial warmth, start no more. Is there not some asylum for the degraded and degrading Digger; some secure retreat; some isolated home, where he can be free from the blighting and withering curse upon him in Amador? The mortal atmosphere about him is deadlier than death, and still no interest is felt to put away the pest. Missionaries go abroad, while at home no effort is made to dispel the dark mental gloom of the red man in our midst, the Indian Agents scarcely notice the objects of their care.

EDMUND BURKE'S IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.—She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from the features, from complexion, or shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart—it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arouses your attention at first sight; it grows upon you every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise attention at first.—Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases, they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of every one, but the happiness of one. She has the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—all of the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is soft, low music, nor formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

## All the Difference.

The late Bates Turner, of Vermont was a witty man as he was a learned jurist. On one occasion a young and zealous lawyer, not over punctilious in his allusions to the Court, nor very formal in his manner, was arguing a question before the Judge, and, in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wishing to "suppose a case," "We will suppose, your Honor," said he, "that your Honor was to steal a horse."—"No, no, no," interrupted the Judge, "not at all; not at all; 'taint a supposable case, Mr. S., 'taint a supposable case." "Very well begging your Honor's pardon," proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence, "very well, then supposing that I should steal a horse—" "Ah, yes, yes," said the Judge, "that is a different thing; very likely Mr. S., very likely. Proceed Mr. S., Mr. S., proceeded to take a seat, amid the shouts of his brethren, and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and repeat it often to his friends.

"I can't see how you can sit and eat while your wife is so sick."

"Why, my dear fellow, it is not that I love my wife less, but that I love pain."

## A CARD.

G. S. L. City, Nov. 11, 1890.  
The undersigned would most respectfully state that they are still doing business at their old and well known stand in Great Salt Lake, where the most desirable goods, adapted to the needs of the people, may always be found. They have established a house at Camp Floyd, where a style of goods as kept here may be had at the same form rates. It may be an object for those families living south, to know that they can procure their goods at Camp Floyd, at the same prices as they are at in this city.

Thankful for former patronage extended by the people of this Territory, they would respectfully continue of the same.

LIVINGSTON, KIRK ANDERSON.  
In the course of ten days we shall be able to see our friends, with certainty concerning our trials expected. 1-11 L. K. A.

FOR SALE,  
ONE Light Two Horse iron  
tree Espenched Wagon and Harness—Call  
at the store of Radford, Cabot & Co.

CHAS. MAURICE SMITH,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW.  
Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

S. M. BLAIR,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW.  
Office—Council House st., opposite Miller & Co.  
Store.

BILLIARDS.  
THE EMPIRE, Billiard Saloon  
J. M. WALLACES, (up stairs), between  
Post Office, and Gilbert and Gerrish's Store,  
open for visitors.  
The tables are new and perfect, and no pains  
spared to make it an agreeable resort for guests  
the exercise of this healthy and agreeable recreation.  
2-11

EMPIRE SALOON.  
THE BAR is now furnished  
large and choice lot of liquors, wines, &c.,  
cheered with great care, and to which the attention  
those desiring WHOLESOME refreshment is respectfully  
called. 2-11 JOHN M. WALLACE

DESERT READING ROOM  
EAST TEMPLE STREET,  
REESE'S BUILDING,  
IS NOW OPEN.

WE solicit NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, and other PERIODICALS, from  
parts of the Union on receipt of which subjects  
will be remitted.  
Books for Reference, &c., as donations, or  
thankfully received.  
Persons in the vicinity, who receive from  
us, we shall be glad to obtain them on loan or  
purchase. 2-11 WILLIAM EDDING  
H. W. NASHITT.

WANTED:  
A FEW good Mules in exchange  
for good Working Cattle. Apply to  
GILBERT & GERRISH.

LOOK HERE.  
A BOOK entitled "THE MISSOURI  
BOOK" has been borrowed from the  
Hartnett, Secretary of State. He earnestly requests  
persons having it to return it without delay.

LAW OFFICE.  
W. J. MCCORMICK. T. S. WILLIAMS  
McCORMICK & WILLIAMS  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Practicing in all the courts of the Territory, and  
city in the U. S. District Courts, and Supreme Court.  
They will give efficient attention to all professional  
engagements.  
OFFICE—West side of East Temple st., opp.  
Miller, Russell & Co.'s Store,  
G. S. L. City, Nov. 6, 1890.

MISSOURI Republican and N. Y. Herald will  
publish 3 months daily, and send bill to this office.

RADFORD, CABOT & CO.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, INDUL-  
GOODS, ETC.,  
At the old stand of Mr. Howard, Great Salt Lake City.  
1-6-11

NEW GOODS.  
JUST received a full stock of  
GOODS, selected expressly for this market.  
1-11 GILBERT & GERRISH

WAGONS.  
A FEW light kanyon wagons for  
sale by  
1-11 GILBERT & GERRISH

WORK CATTLE.  
100 YOKE of Work Cattle in  
working condition, for sale by  
1-11 GILBERT & GERRISH

MILLER, RUSSEL & CO.  
Wholesale and retail dealers in  
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GROCER-  
Boots & Shoes, Hats & Cap-  
HARDWARE, WINES, LIQUORS, AND  
outfitting goods generally, are now receiving  
most complete stock of goods in their line that has  
been brought to this Territory, which they offer at  
low figures, for Cash or Country Produce.

HOT SPRING BREWERY.  
WE will endeavor to furnish  
superior Malt Liquors of the above establish-  
ment in quantities to suit purchasers.  
X. X. X. ALE, PORTER, and our own  
furnished to customers either at the Brewery, or  
Beer Saloon in Camp Floyd.

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF TRAVELERS  
We have opened Dining Rooms at the Brewery  
meals can be procured at all hours.

We have secured a good supply of hay and  
an attentive hostler is ready to take care of animals  
OUR PRICES, in consequence of the high price of  
provisions and the difficulty of procuring them, are  
as follows:

Single meals.  
Supper breakfast and bedtime.  
For animals, for a single feed of hay, per head.  
For hay and grain.  
And double those prices for feed over night.

N. B. The highest cash prices paid for  
and for produce of all kinds delivered at the  
MODO, HERR  
Hot Springs, Point of Mountain, South of

COW STRAYED.  
ON the 23d October last, a small  
light red cow, white face, and a thick  
around her horns, horns small, was given  
think she was branded Atwood on the horns  
near certain. Please bring her to Curtis R. Bower  
ward, G. S. L. City, opposite the School House  
well rewarded.

BY KIRK ANDERSON  
VOLUME 1.  
THE VALLEY  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY  
KIRK ANDERSON  
TERMS:  
Single copy for one year, \$8.  
Advance.

Ellen Bayne  
Soft be thy slumbers!  
Rude cares, depart!  
Visions, in numbers,  
Cheer thy young heart!  
Dream on, while bright hope  
And fond hopes remain,  
Blossoming, like smiling bow,  
For thee, Ellen Bayne!

Chorus—Gentle slumbers o'er  
Dreams of beauty round  
While I linger by thy  
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

Dream not in anguish,  
Dream not in fear,  
Love shall not languish—  
Fond ones are near.  
Sleeping or waking,  
In pleasure or pain,  
Warm hearts will beat for  
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

Scenes that have vanished  
Smile on thee now—  
Pleasures, once banished,  
Play round thy brow—  
Forms long departed,  
Greet thee again,  
Soothing thy dreaming head,  
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

The Last Victim of the  
let.  
An imperial rescript, bear-  
ing the 20th of August, 18  
signature of the Emperor Fr  
Austria, has abolished fr  
empire that terrible chas  
the gauntlet. Terrible  
—a cruel and barbaro  
those dark and dismal t  
to middle ages. I witness  
execution of this kind, and  
benefit of those who stil  
strange fondness even to t  
ies of by-gone centuries.

On an autumn morning,  
1851, the garrison of the  
heresienstadt, on the Eg  
phemia, was formed in a  
the spacious place before  
of the commandant.

of the square, drawn up  
company of a rifle battalio  
delinquent belonged.  
formed, each private (there  
hundred) being provided wi  
placed at a small distan  
extman. At the 10th str  
stock the drums were beate  
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inter was marched into the  
He was as fine-looking a  
have set eyes upon—tall  
well formed. His har  
red, to which a black mous  
and martial expression,  
the full glow and vigor o  
they were of a deadly

He was a non-commission  
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1849, he had distinguish  
such a manner that his su  
had recommended him  
Austria is more gen  
land towards those that  
in her service, and  
been made a commissi  
since—in spite of his l  
and his poverty—if it be  
a fatal impediment. Th  
was his own passion  
was a choleric man; hars  
towards his inferiors, i  
born towards his superior  
deemed it necessary t